

















































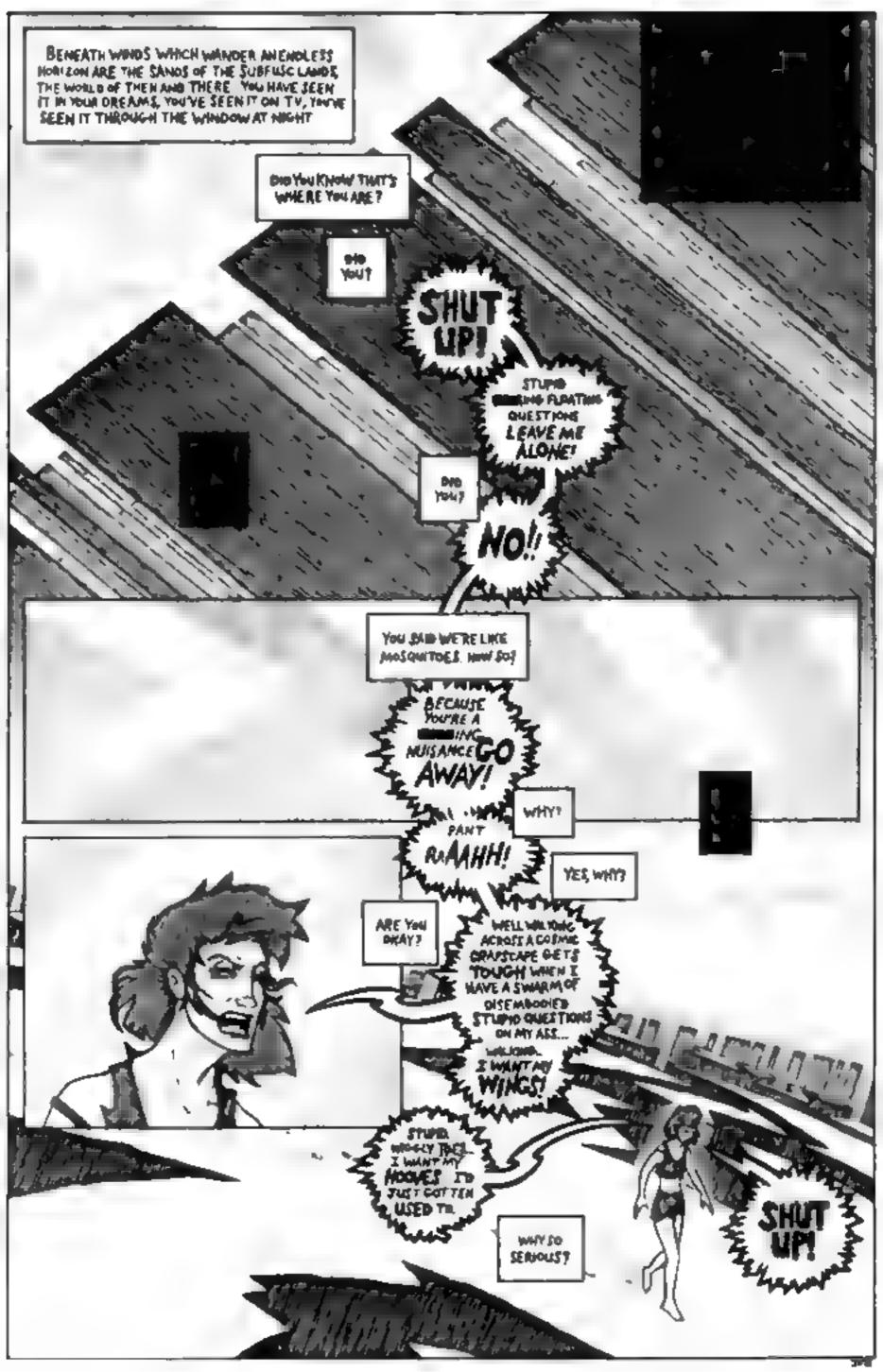




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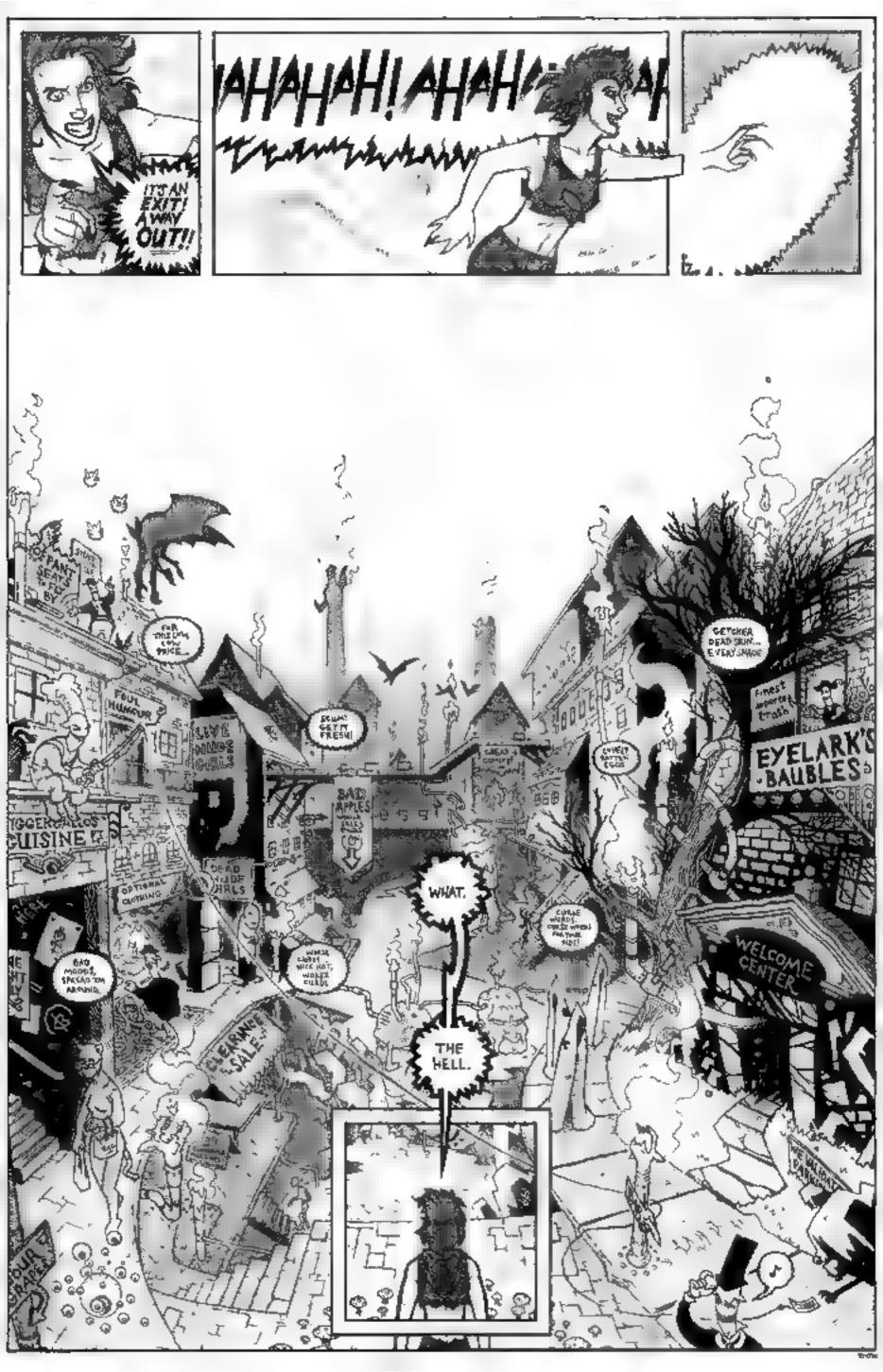




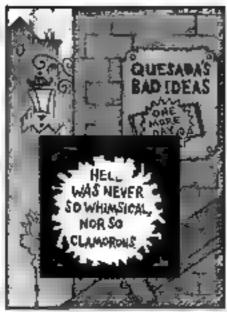












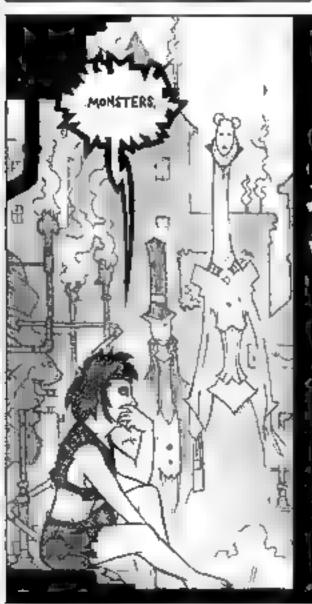








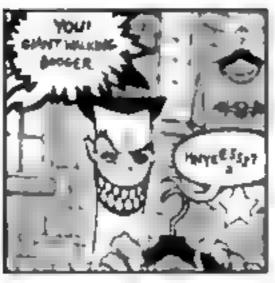












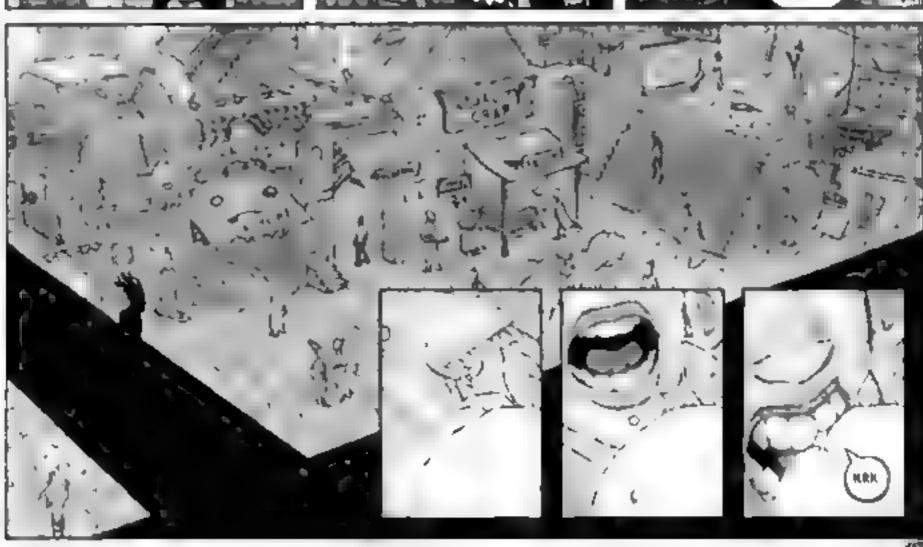






















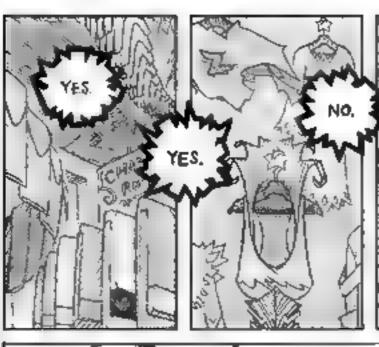


















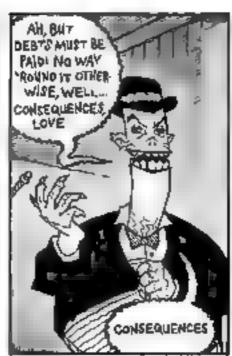


HUNGRY?



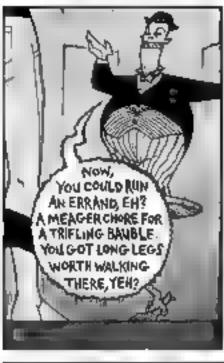














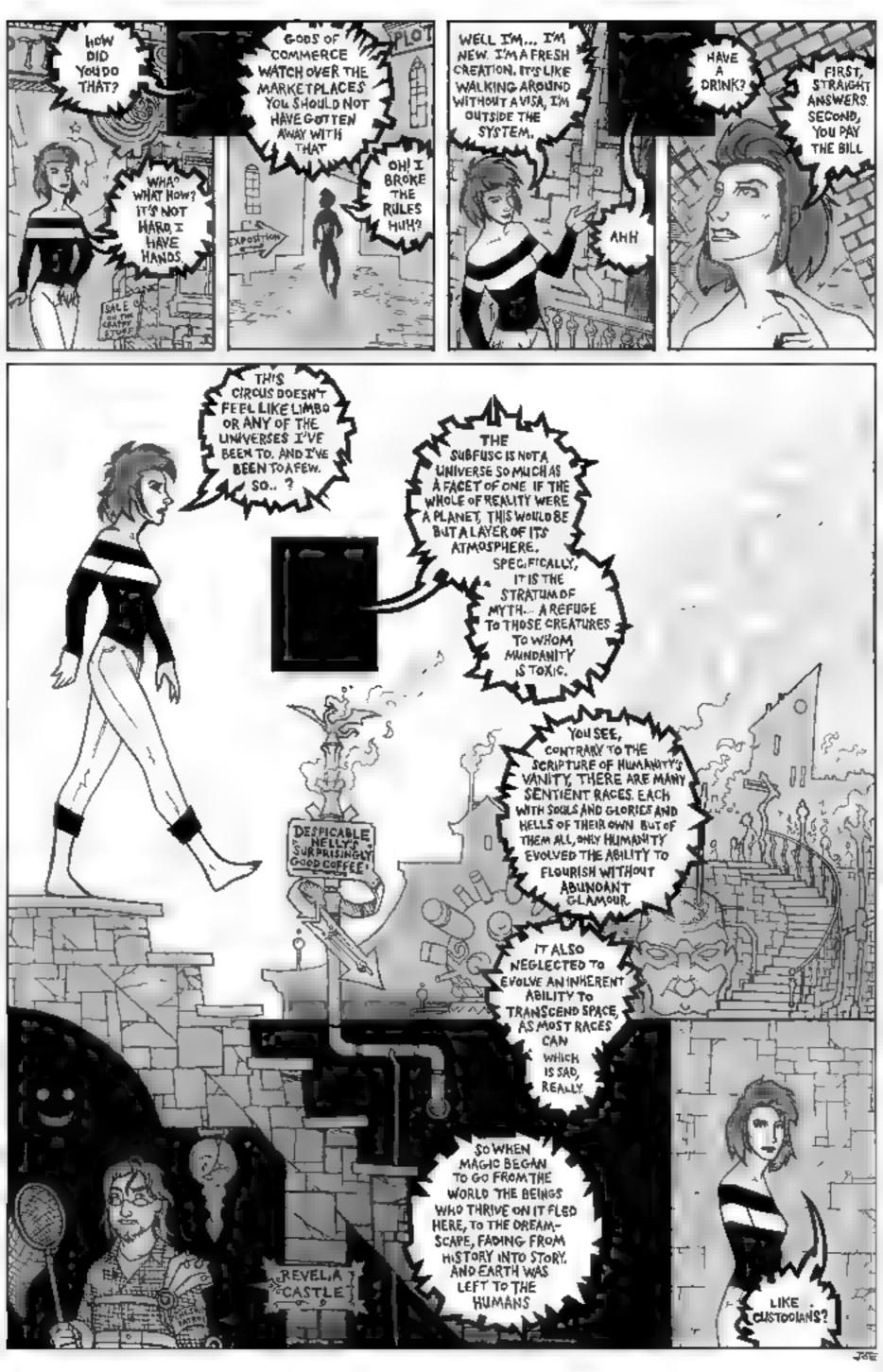










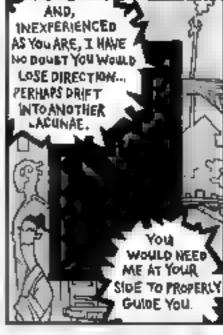








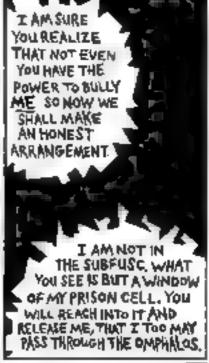














I'M NOT NEARLY SO HUMAN,









































































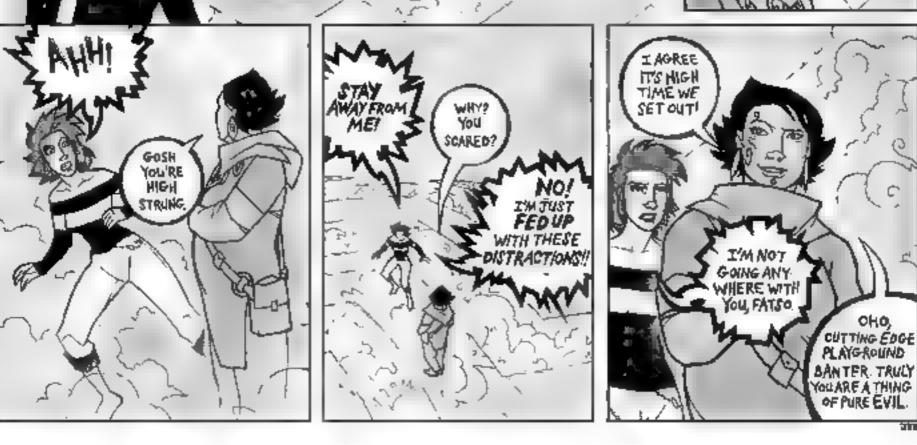






















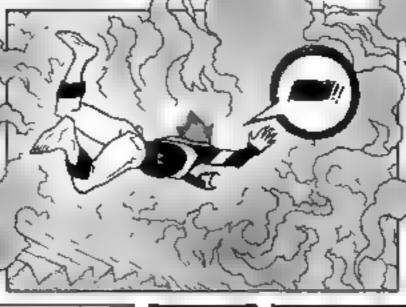




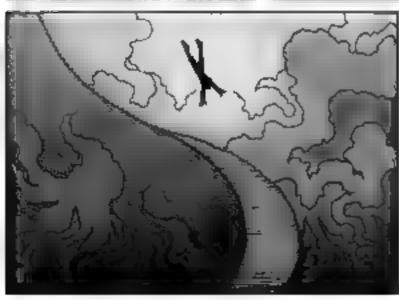






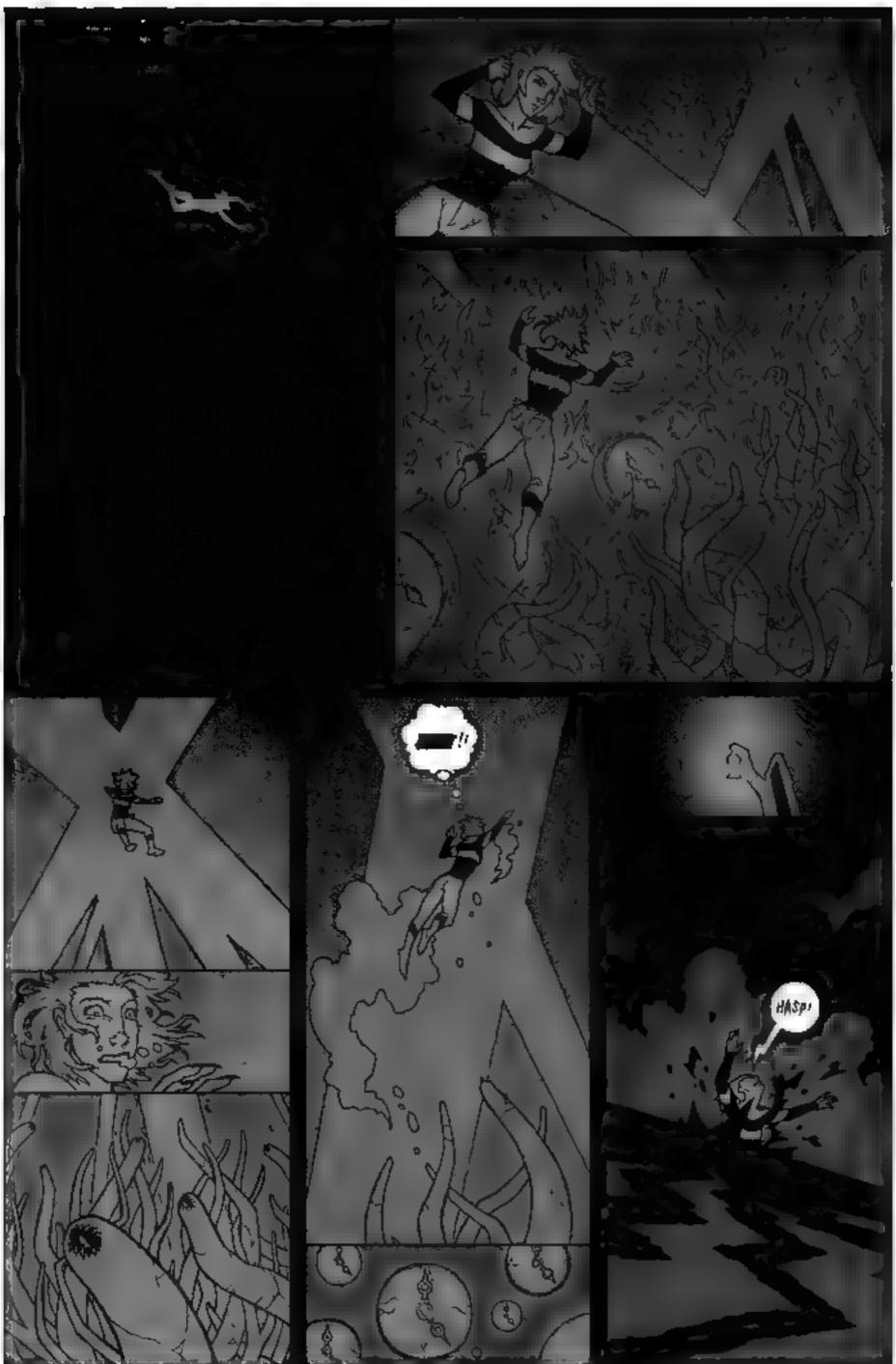


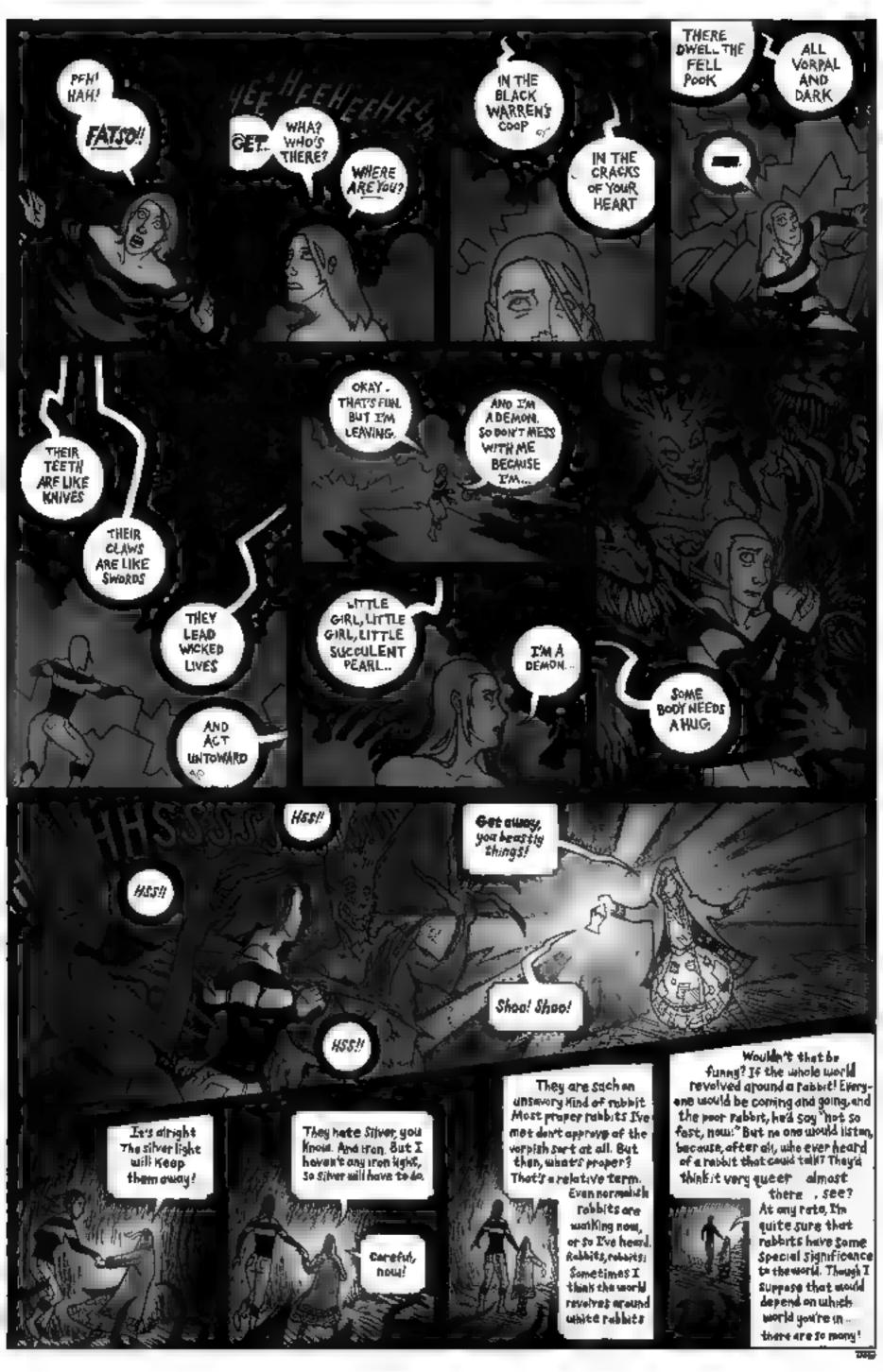




















I believe I was one person, once, who would pretend she was two... but then the one of us that was her left without me, and the one of us that was me couldn't stopped being me I'd be no-one at all:

And I do prefer being Someone













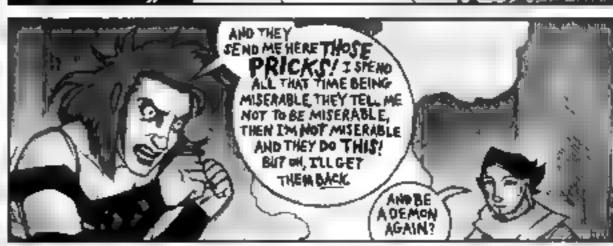
























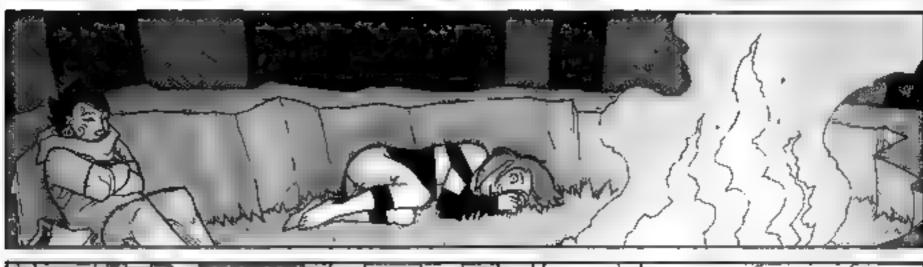


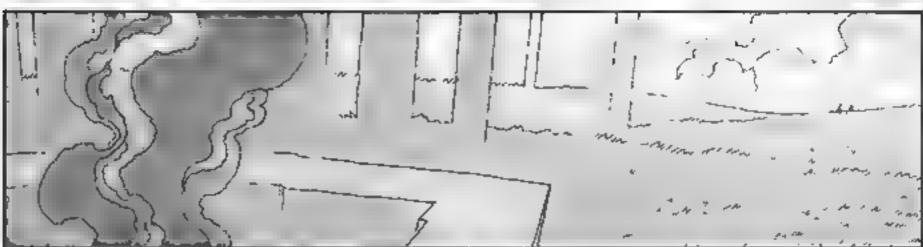


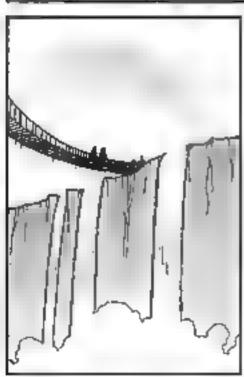




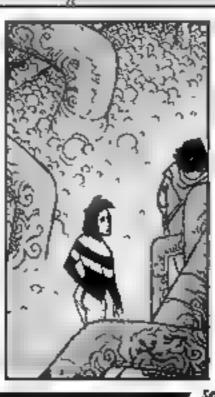














SO HOW ARE
YOU GETTING
ON WITH YOUR
NEW FRIEND?

















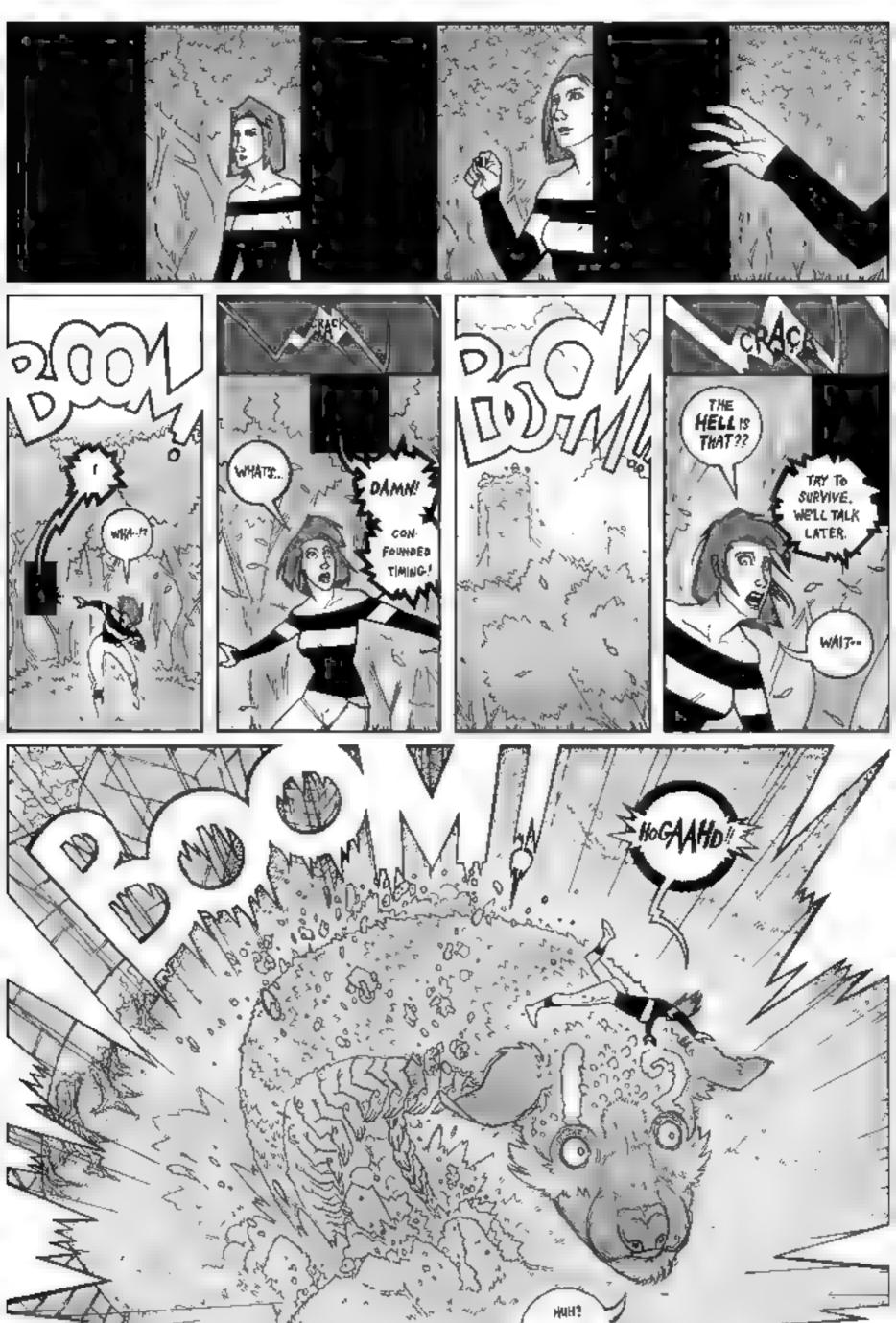




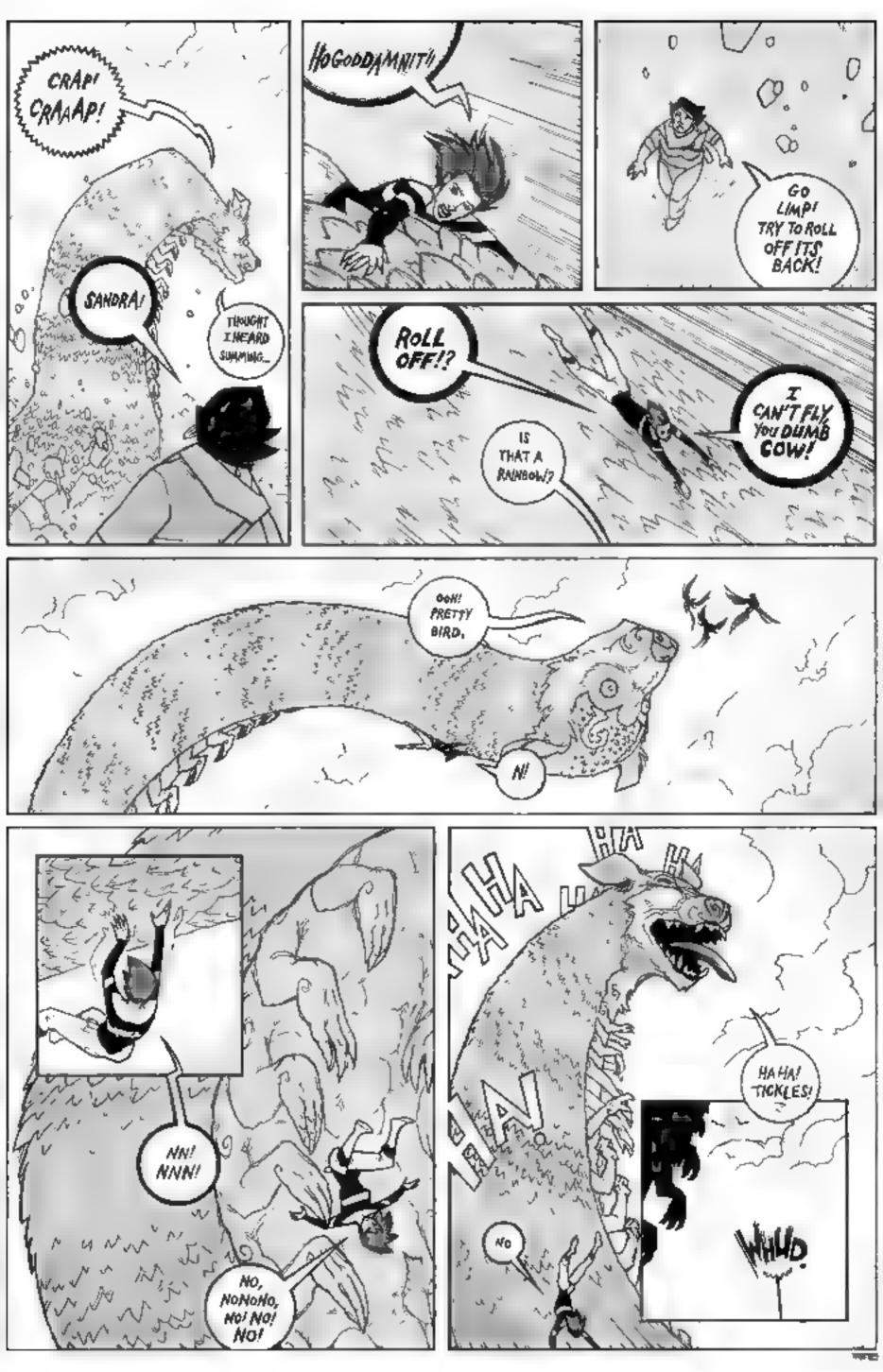
LET ME OUT AND I WILL, I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO CHANGE BACK, HOW TO ELIMINATE ANY TRACE OF VULNERABILITY TO SEVER, ONCE AND FOR ALL, THE THES THAT BIND YOU TO EARTH AND ITS PEOPLE AND TO SANDRA EASTLAKE. RELEASE ME AND I SHALL UNLEASH YOU

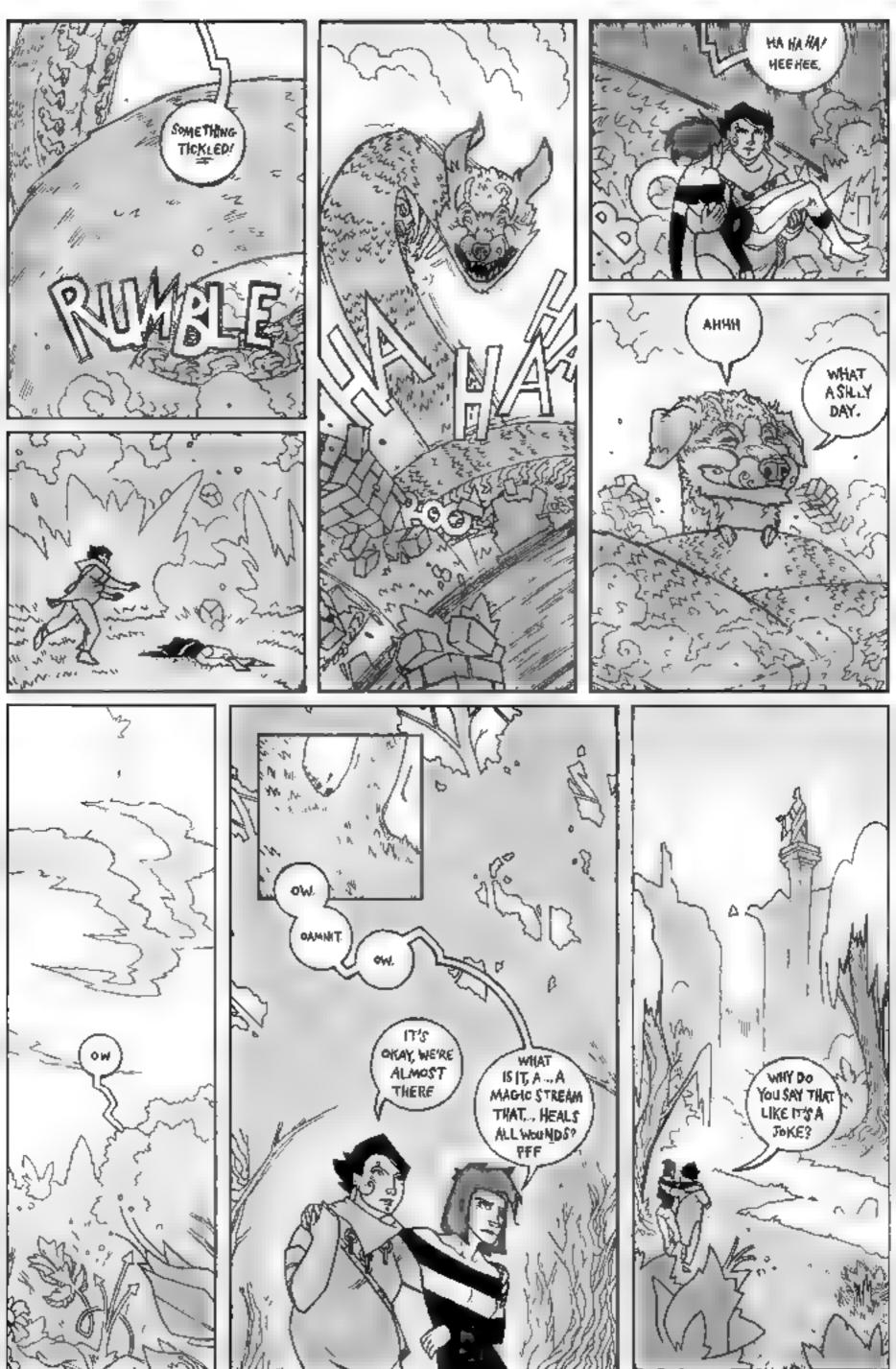






WHOZZĄT?





all.



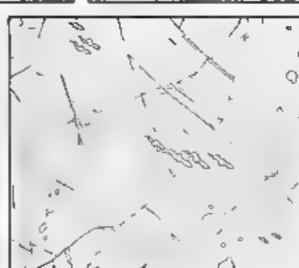




















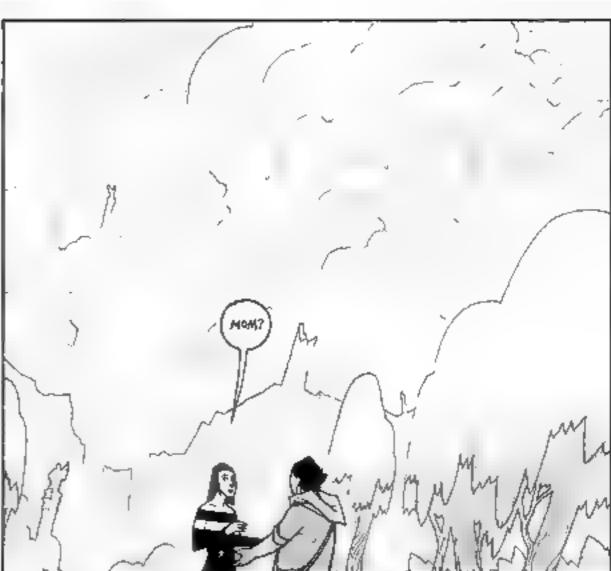






























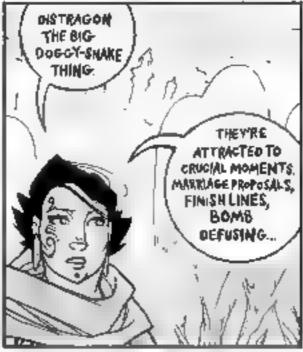






















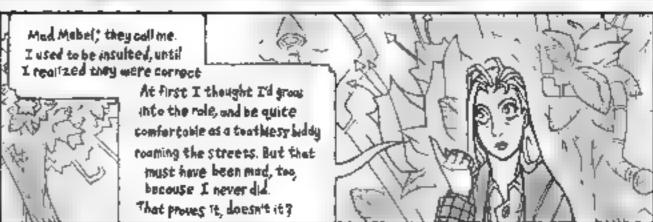














Oh, I Know! It's queer that I should find you screnge, here, in such a strange land I Know!





But strangeness is now quite Common to me. You're like I once was! A stranger to strangeness! You're curious!

You see, I first came here chasing acurious thing. I followed it and learned to visit this mad place. But I've since become quite lost





You'll lead me out! It makes perfect sense. And it must be sense, because it's the reverse of what came first!













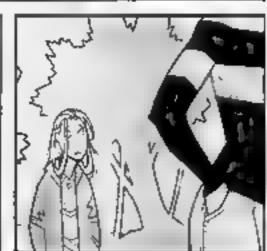






I won it!
In a race! And,
and it was my
thimble, anyway! So it's
doubly mine,
and not at
all yours! So
give it back!











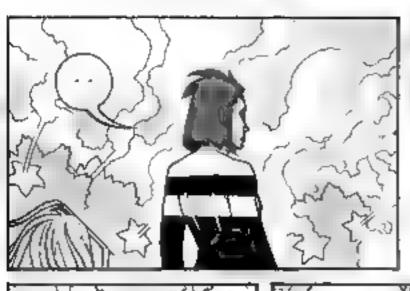




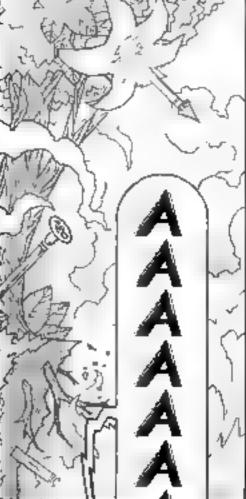








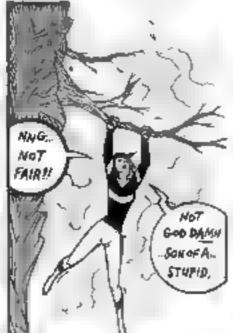


















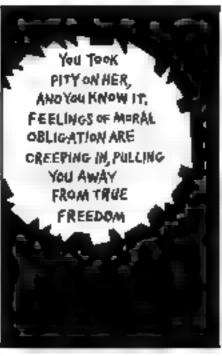


















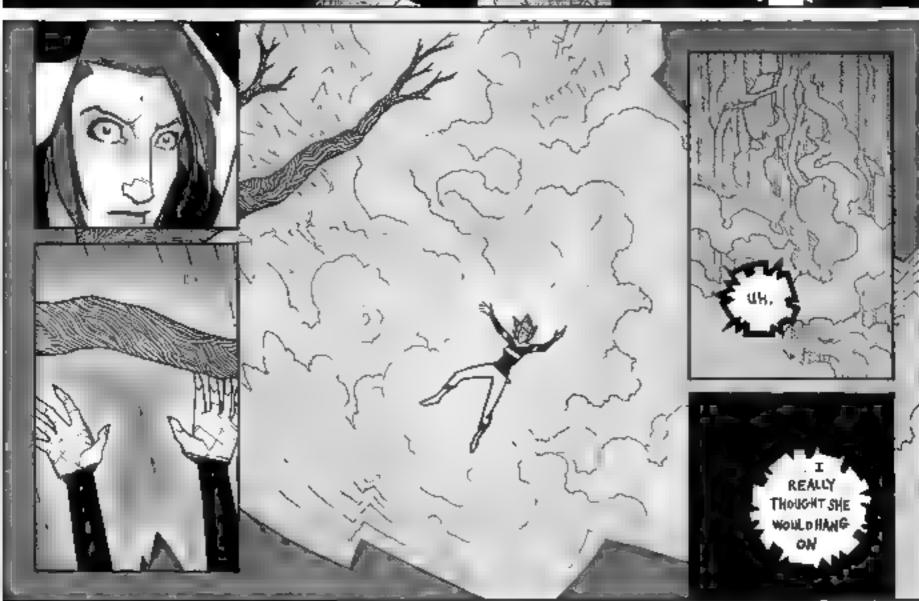
YES, CALL
FOR MOTHER
YOU'RE HELPLESS
WITHOUT HER. A
LITTLE GIRL LOST
IN THE LAND
OF NOD.

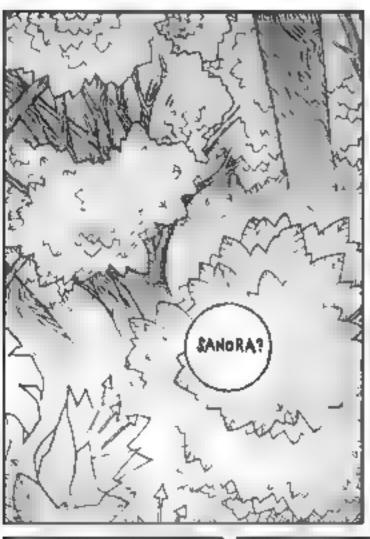




I DON'T CARE WHAT OTHER DEMONS SAY! I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU! I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING!!

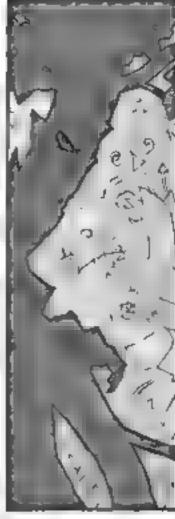
































































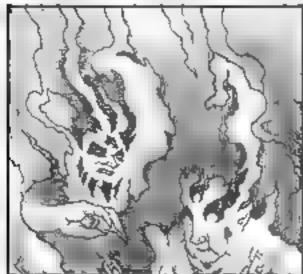










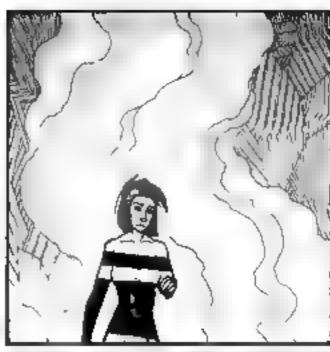














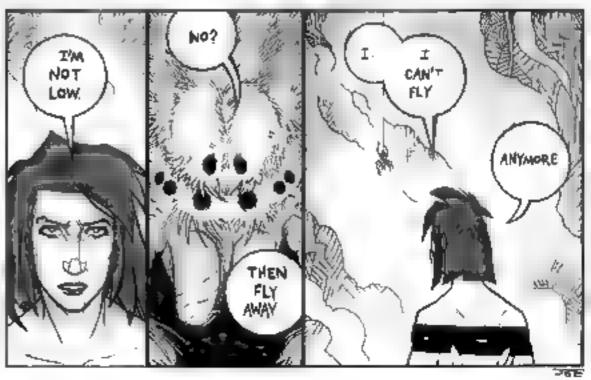






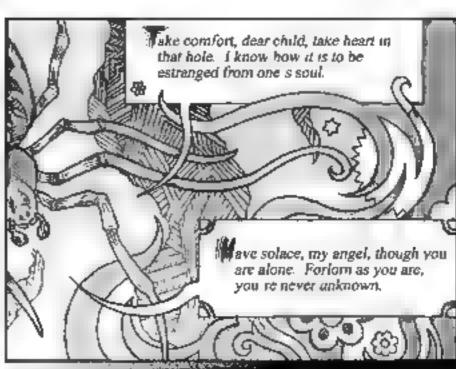


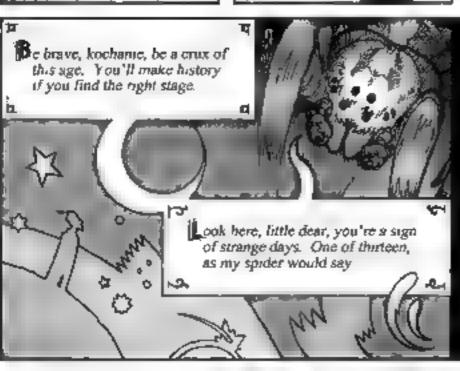


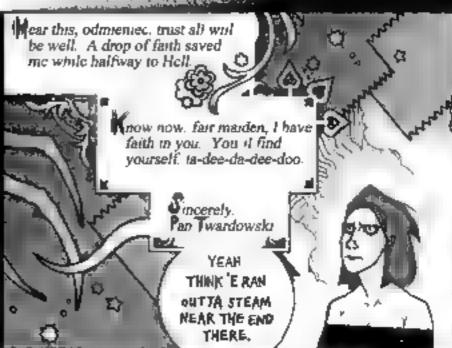




























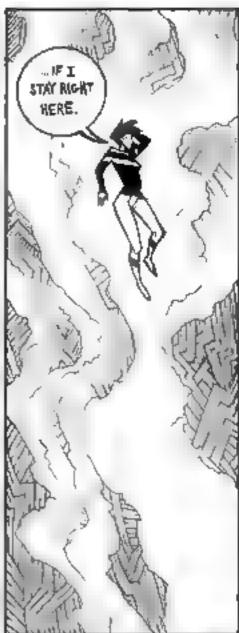






































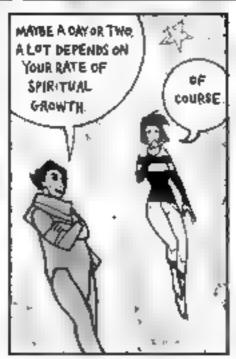




















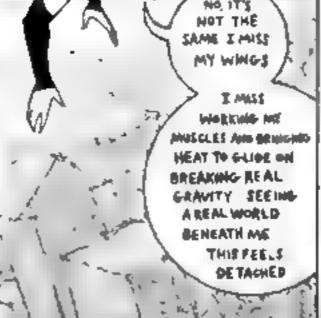










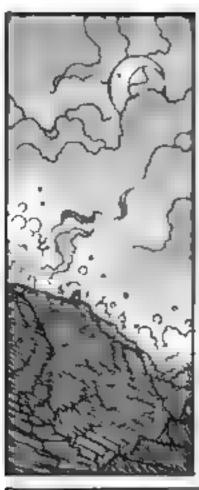


























































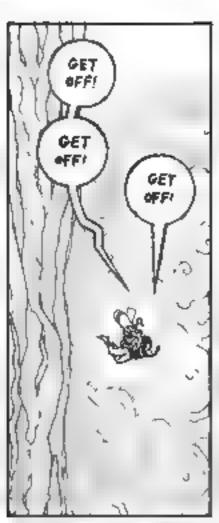
















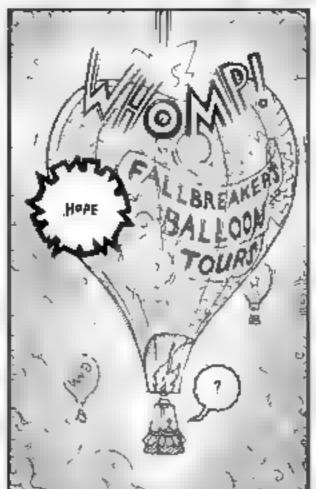


















































































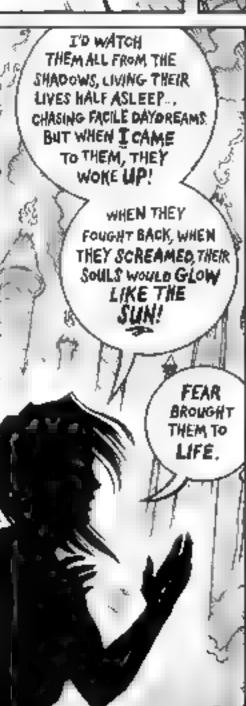












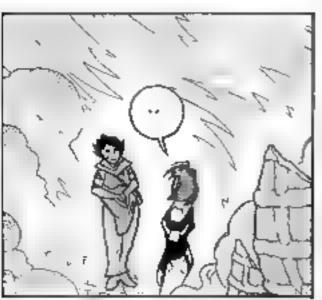




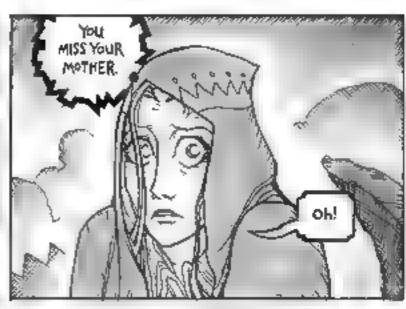


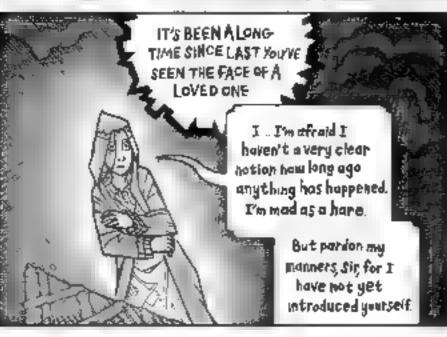














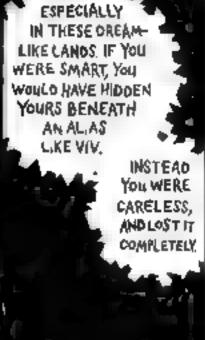


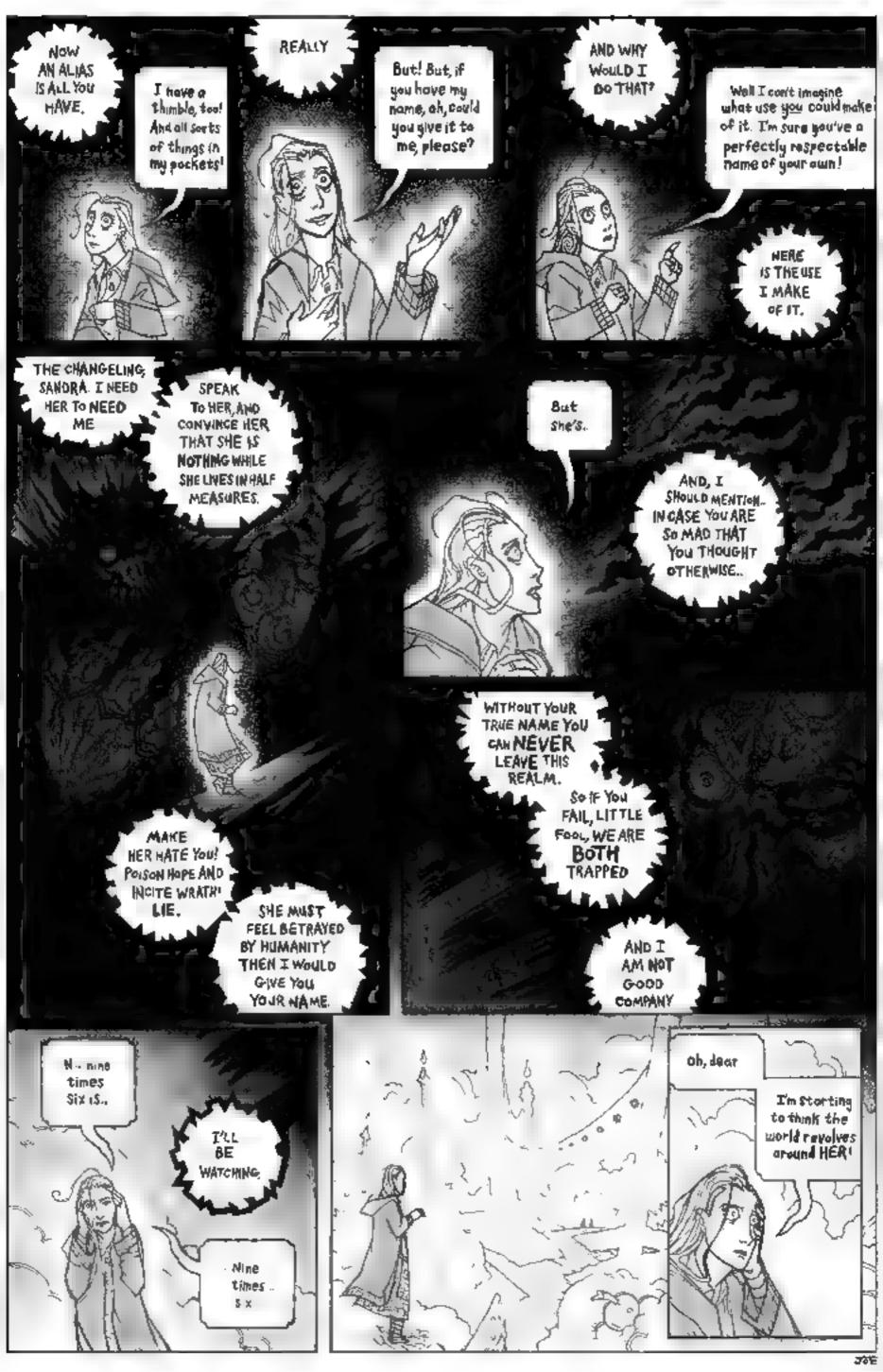


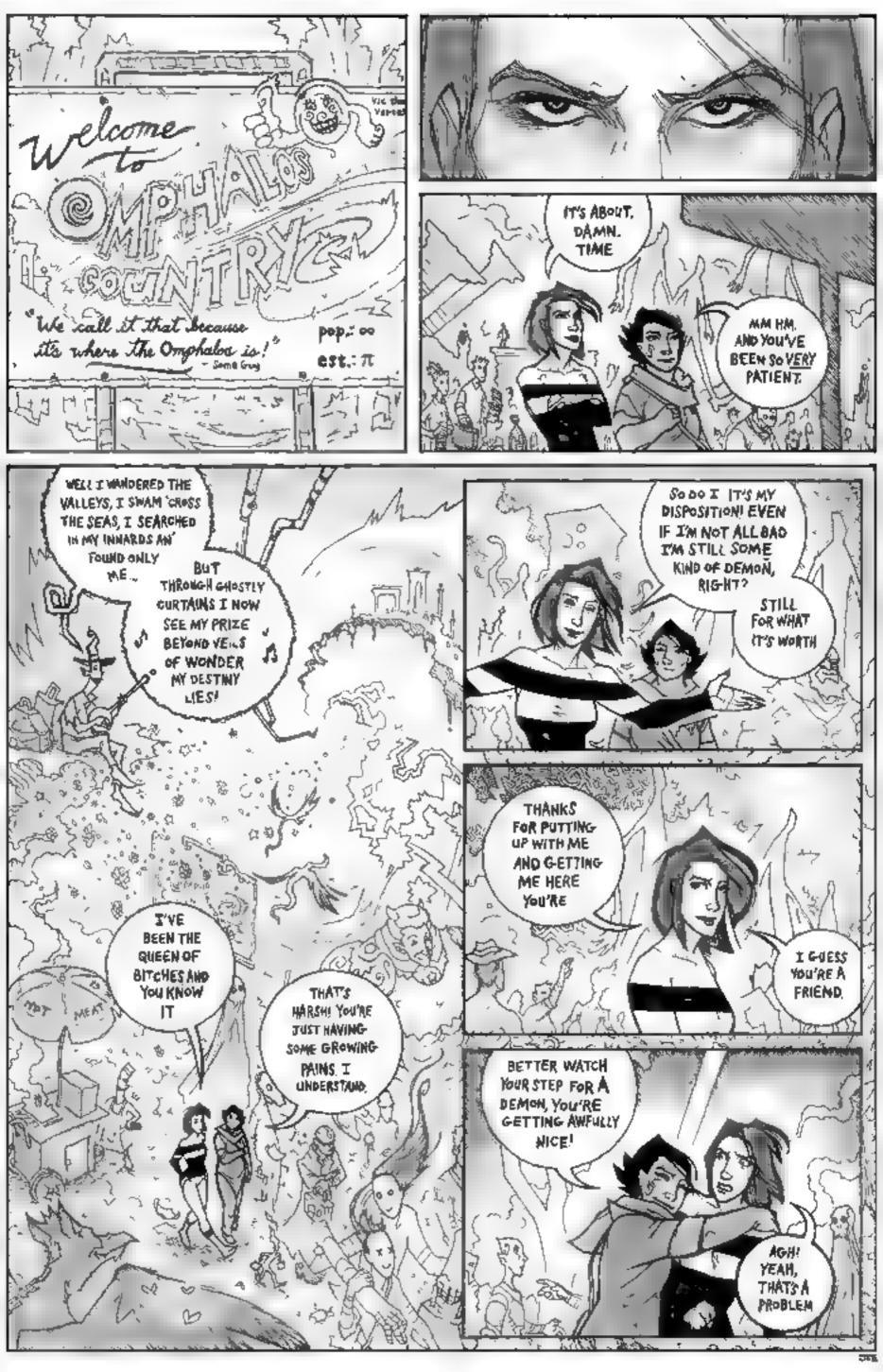








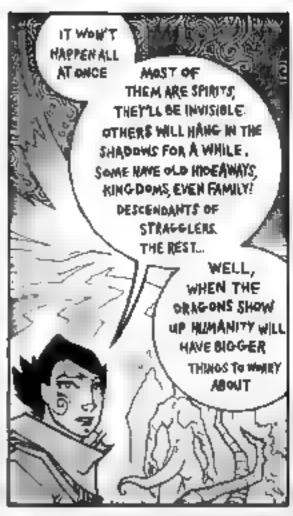














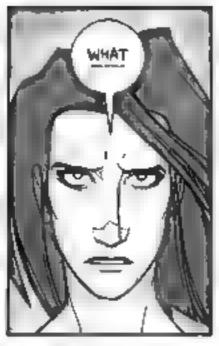
























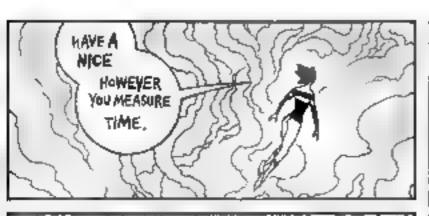




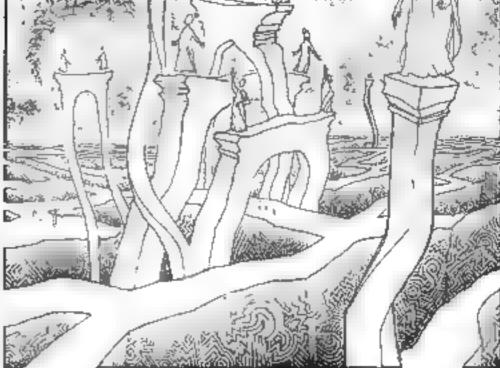


















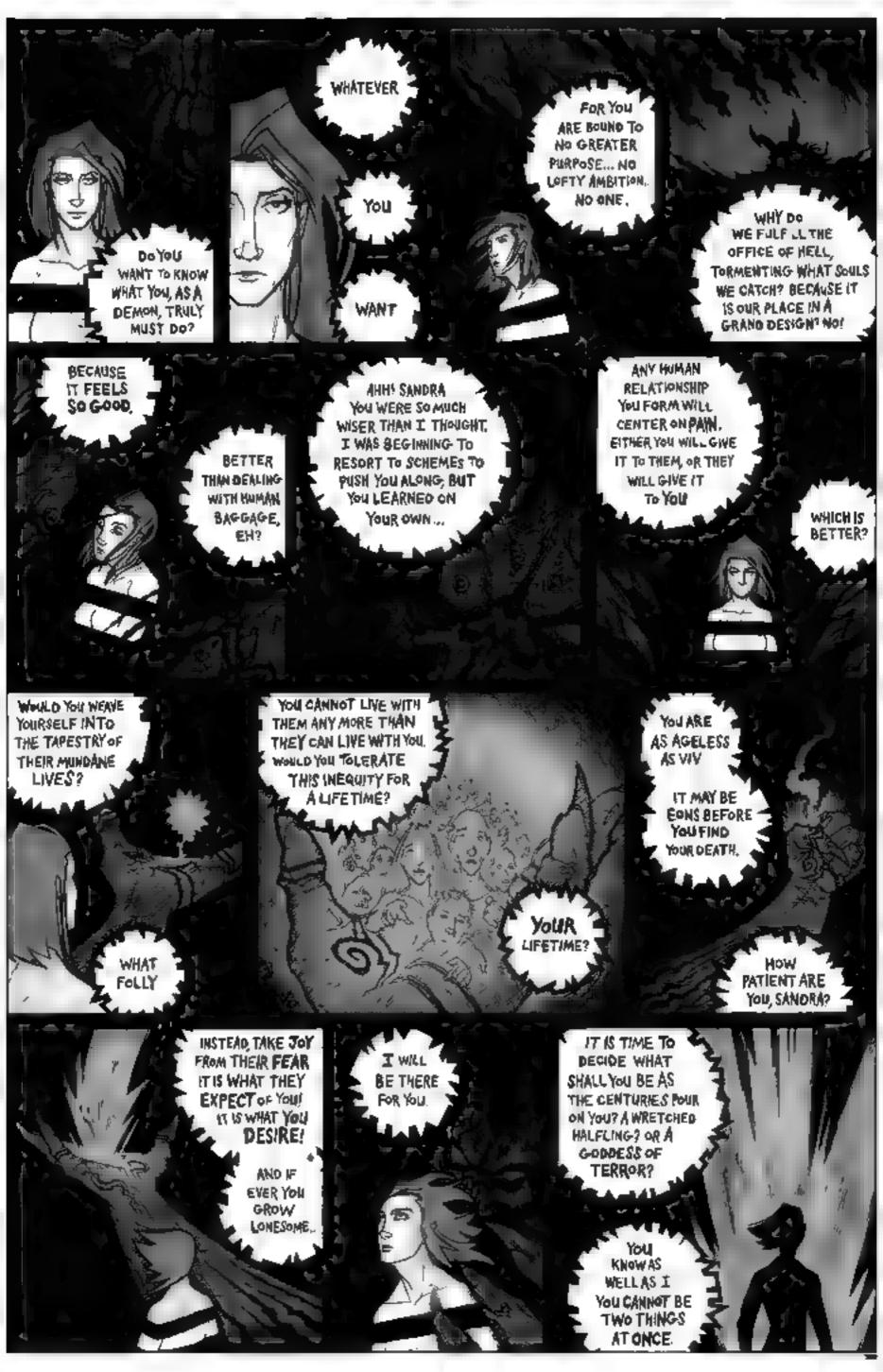


























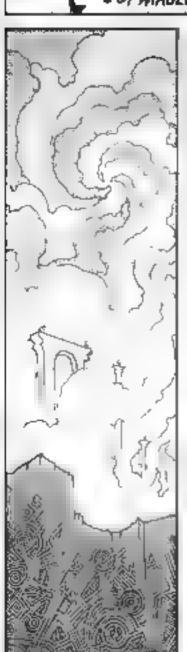




















































































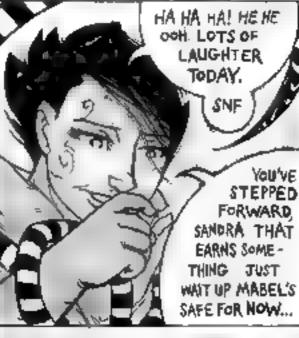
























































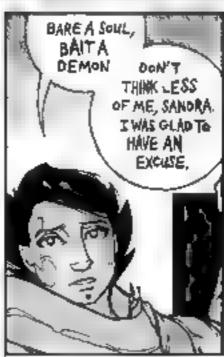






























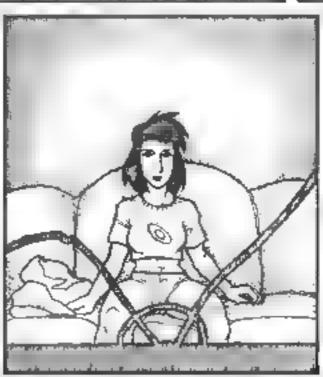












































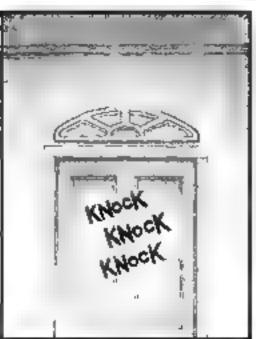












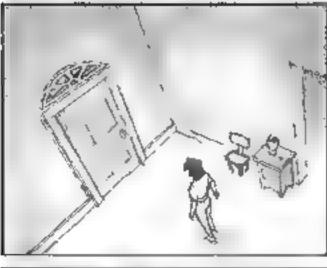






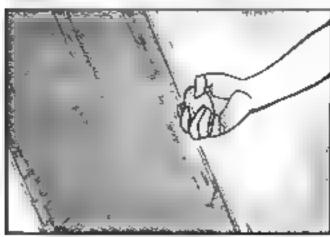










































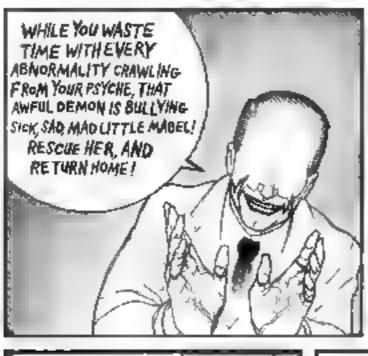












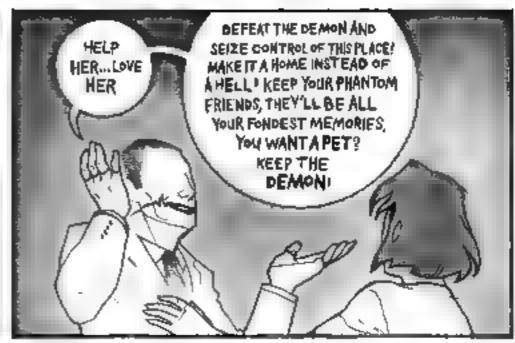
































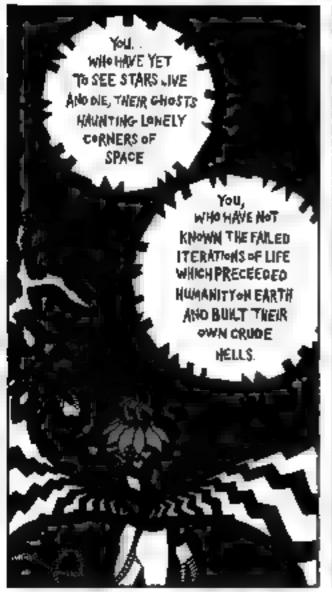






































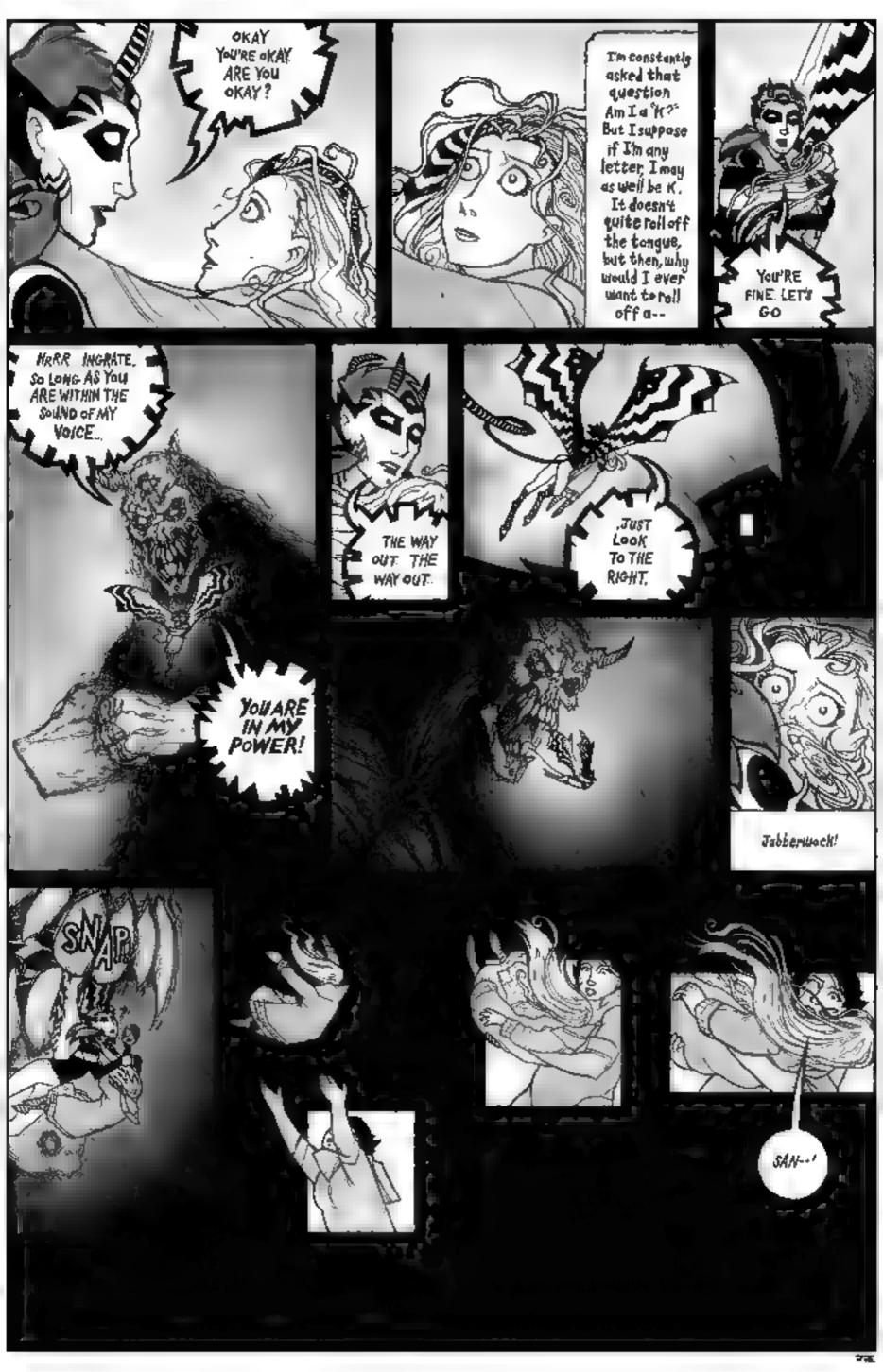


























































simple comfort of human companionship, which Sandra would miss as she settled into

a sheltered life.



Sometimes they had adventures,

since those who are touched by magic are especially prone to that sort of thing. Other long stories unfolded over their threshold and the house became home to a host

of weird characters.